

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

FROM HEAVEN TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN. EXPERIENCE OF MOTHER OF SCOURGE VICTIM



HOPE, DESPAIR, JOY.

These three human emotions are pictured in this photograph of mothers gathered under the windows of the Newark, N. J., city hospital where their children are confined with infantile paralysis. One mother is watching for her child to be held up to the window by a nurse, the other has seen a nurse shake her head, and the third is waving to her baby, who has been brought to the window.

(By IDAH M'GLONE GIBSON.)
NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 26.—Streets of this city look as though some modern Pied Piper had made a sinister march through them, taking with him all the city's children!

Infantile paralysis is still on the increase, parents are panic stricken, and there is not a child on the streets. The little ones are not allowed to ride in street cars across the lines that separate Newark from suburbs.

The city hospital has been turned over exclusively to cases of the scourge.

One of the pathetic sights of early morning hours are mothers who gather under windows of the hospital, some to wave a trembling hand and to smile at a little convalescent form held at the window for a glimpse of "mam-ma," some to turn away in tears as a pitying nurse shakes her head, and some to cry out as a nurse beckons the mother in for her last look before her child passes into the Great Beyond.

With 250 cases and more coming in daily, doctors and nurses are overworked and weary and sometimes mistakes are made which lead to untold misery and grief.

Mrs. Guidera was summoned into the hospital and after suffering all the pangs of a mother who must take leave of her baby, she cried with a scream of despair:

"This is not my baby!"

Then she was placed in an antiseptic gown with a mask over her face and allowed to go through the hospital to find her baby.

At last she found him still alive and attendants had trouble restraining her from smothering the stricken child with kisses.

Transplanted from hell to heaven, the mother went home happy, only to be summoned the next day. The dreaded tragedy had come. The thing she was hoping she had escaped had really happened. Her baby was dead.

No wonder the parents of Newark children put them to bed each night with a prayer of thankfulness and wake them each morning with a trembling hope that nightfall will see them still well.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE PLANS OF MICE AND MEN BY RUTH ISHAM.

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TOMMY CARSTAIRS early in his career made up his mind to keep a level head and not let his heart run away with him. Fate had been unkind and brought him to poor parents and the lack of the silver spoon had caused Tommy considerable discomfort. But as he grew older he consoled himself with the thought that "all things come to him who waits." Also, he argued, "There are as big fish in the sea as I was caught!" This was a comfort. He would watch his chance and marry some girl who happened to be an only daughter of some rich old fellow with a big heart.

So he settled down to his ledger at Smith & Dewey's, fairly well contented with life, confident that time was all that was needed to consummate his plan.

Therefore it was with keen annoyance that he woke one morning realizing that he had made a fool of himself the night before and, quite before he knew what he was doing, had proposed to Clorinda Mowry, one of the stenographers at the office.

Tommy had been afraid of Clorinda. He had caught himself time and time again watching the outline of her head against the big plate glass window, and her hair had a way of catching the sun and reflecting it into his eyes that was quite annoying. He had caught up several mistakes in his rows of figures that he was sure were due to Clorinda's hair. Once in a while, as she put new paper into the machine or stopped to pick out some complicated dictation, she managed

to flash a smile in his direction that gave his heart alarming momentum.

And being fully aware that the girl would wreck all his carefully laid plans for a prosperous future if he were not exceptionally cautious, it was ridiculous that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of him just because a silly boy upset and he thought she was dying. He had called her his darling. And he had told her she must live for him, that he adored her, and so on.

Then a light broke upon his gloom. Had he really proposed to her? Telling a girl you love her and that she is so-and-so and so-and-so doesn't mean that you have offered her your heart and hand. He bathed and dressed hurriedly, breakfasted and made for the office. He had a plan.

"The vacation lists are out and I'll sign up for nine right away. By the time I get back perhaps Clorinda will have forgotten what I said. Besides, if I go to Kenebunket or Menoboscot, where millionaires are at a discount, I may be able to persuade some fair maid to take me on for keeps. Why not?"

And so, leaving Clorinda with no more affectionate farewell than a pressure of the hand and a look that he tried to make full of meaning without being too committal, and saying that the time would be endless until he returned, he packed up his bags, tennis racket and golf sticks—the latter more for impression than for utility—bought his ticket and departed.

He had chosen Kenebunket and he had chosen well. The names on the hotel register made his head swim, and the rates made him dizzy. But Tommy had planned his campaign long enough ahead to be prepared for just such an emergency. He had saved up ten dollars a day for two weeks would be one hundred and forty dollars. Counting car fare, he had two hundred to blow in! He signed his name with a flourish—"W. Thomas Carstairs, New York." Tommy had always been a bit proud of his name.

And now for the girls!

Well, there is no use in relating that Tommy had another awakening almost as shocking as the one we have described. Only this time took several days. In that time he learned that although his name might be W. Thomas Carstairs and that he dressed well, the summer colonists would have none of him. Even when the girls were nice and willing to make up, their mamma's vigilantly got them out of the way as soon as possible. He found himself in a state of isolation that was enlightening and not flattering. But just when he needed consolation the most he found it. And her name was Lorelei!

He was coming along the beach one day and as he passed she dropped

her book. He restored it. She thanked him. He remarked on the weather. She spoke of something else. They both mentioned boating and it ended in taking a ride in a launch together. She was very pretty—straight, classic features and very light hair netted and puffed to perfection. She was Clorinda's opposite, tall, statuesque almost, and her eyes were blue. Clorinda's were brown.

"I've only been here a day or so," she said confidentially, "and I feel rather lost. You see, we've been in Europe every summer until last year and we spent that in the Canadian Rockies. Father and mother are there now, but I came here from school with my companion to wait until they join me. Then we are going to Nova Scotia. But I know scarcely any one and it's splendid to have found you. I know father will approve—he's so cosmopolitan."

Tommy chirped up his business card. Daughter had rather an aura of prosperity about her, and father certainly had some coin. An only daughter, too, and pretty at that.

"I'm the luckiest person alive," declared Tommy. "I don't care a lot for many people. Just one or two is enough for me. I came to rest. My doctors told me it was absolutely necessary. You know how it is—the responsibility of a large business, late hours socially, and so on."

Lorelei was sympathetic. The boat ride was a great success and over all too soon. That evening he met her companion an elderly woman dressed in plain black, who paid little attention to him, and retired to her room as soon as dinner was over. Then followed a stroll on the terrace and later they went into the billiard room.

They sat down and waited for a table. Two men next to Tommy were talking.

"I see old Golden's dead!" said one.

"You don't say so. Who'll get his money?"

"That little granddaughter, the only one of the whole family that's left. You know her parents died on the Essex when it was blown up. She gave up every cent of her fortune to the Belgians, and they say the old man was so mad he wouldn't give her a dime. So she's working somewhere for a living. Of retired so'll get it all now. Something like fifteen millions."

"Gad!"

"Those people there have finished. Shall we take that table?" suggested Lorelei.

"Yes," assented Tommy, chalking her cue and thinking of the lucky fellow who would help spend fifteen millions some day.

The two weeks were up and Tommy had to leave, but not before one moonlight night he had begged for Lorelei's hand and been promised it. Father and mother had not materialized yet, and there was talk of her meeting them at Newport.

Then came the day when he had to return to the office. He was worried about Clorinda, wondering how she would take it. But he put on a brave front and went in. Her place was empty!

"Haven't you heard the news, Tommy?" called Fosdick. "Old Golden was Clorinda's granddaddy and he up and died and left her fifteen millions."

Tommy was holding his desk for support.

"And we miss her like the devil, but there's a peach taking her place—tall, blond and—ahem."

A girl walked over to Clorinda's seat and sat down in front of the machine. "Lorelei," gasped Tommy, "is that her?"

Now, 2 ought to finish by saying that Tommy got his last deserts, that Lorelei insisted upon him keeping his bargain and led him an awful life. But it didn't happen. When she found who he was and that he was making only \$75 a month, she threw him over.

And, on the other hand, Clorinda insisted upon thinking she was engaged to him and refused to give him up. So Tommy plays polo and the heavy swell on his wife's money, but I will say he is perfectly splendid to her, for he loves her after all.

Mannington Defeats Fairview at Tennis

The South Penn tennis club lost five out of nine sets to the Mannington racquet wielders. The court game seems to be gaining a good foothold with the Fairview people, and the match yesterday evening was well attended.

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KINDERGARTENER'S APRON.



(By BETTY BROWN.)

A "Mother Goose" play apron will save the pretty dimity frock Little Miss School Girl wears to school on warm days in September or October. Made in blue repp and bound with red braid is the "Mother Goose" sketched here.

HEALTH HINTS

In many disease physicians can produce immunity at will by the injection of a vaccine or serum—this is called vaccination.

The most familiar of the vaccines is the one which is used to protect against smallpox. This disease was once the most terrible of all the maladies which affected mankind.

Over a century ago an English physician, Edward Jenner, introduced vaccination against smallpox with the result that the disease has practically been wiped out and exists only where vaccination has been neglected.

Many parents fear to have their children vaccinated and would rather run the risk of their contracting disease. Yet there is not the slightest danger in the process of vaccination when it is carried out with fresh clean virus which is now guaranteed by government inspection and when the vaccination is kept clean itself.

"Sore arms" which so alarm many mothers come from getting dirt into the vaccination, and not from the vaccine which has been injected into the system.

The protective effect of vaccination wears off after a time and every child should be vaccinated when about one year old and again at the age of seven. This last is more important for then the child must mingle with hundreds of others at school and be exposed to hidden infection.

One of the most successful vaccines discovered in recent years is that used to protect people against typhoid fever. The use of this vaccine has practically eliminated typhoid fever from the United States army.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A. B. K. asks how to get rid of a pimply face.
Be regular in your habits and keep the skin pores open by frequent bathing and massage.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

This morning, little book, I received a letter from Malcolm Stuart. It commenced without salutation:

"My doctor friend tells me, dear lady Sylvia, you are recovering rapidly, and he attributes it to your spiritual exaltation. I did not tell him I knew you could not be other than you are—Sylvia, the flower that blooms scarlet, glowing until the very end."

"Some day when I see you I am going to tell you more about myself—I wonder why I have such an insatiable desire to talk to you about myself. Since I have known you, I have tried to have no regrets for I have learned from you how unavailing they are."

"But I cannot help thinking much of my life has been wasted in selfishly seeking what I thought was pleasure. I have been very selfish, Margie (there it is out; I have said your name, and name all who love you call you), and because I have been so I have not been happy."

"I am going to tell you a secret. I have persuaded Dr. — to stay here. I am going to fit up a hospital for children afflicted with spinal trouble and he is going to take charge of it. I hope I shall never be charged of it. I hope, as being interested in the matter, but I have this morning made a will by which everything I possess, except a few small requests to friends, is left to this hospital and my friend who will be its head."

"I wish I could name the new hospital, 'The Margie Home for Crippled Children,' but I am afraid some one would ferret out my connection with it. So I shall put only the word 'Hope' over the door, for surely the place will bring hope, not only to the little crippled bodies it will shelter, but to the crippled soul of the man who stays outside."

"I expect some one has told you I

am building a new boat, and that it is to be called Sylvia. No one shall ever know its significance but you and me. It is an innocent secret for you and me, together, is it not? And surely you will not tell me I must not do this when it means so much to me."

"By the way, isn't it queer, I have never met your husband! I confess I am a bit curious to see the kind of man you married."

"Your friend,
"MALCOLM STUART"

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL TEAM WORK.)—BY ALLMAN.

